

Snowball Wars

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Summary: Nice decides it's time to distract Art from work with... A snowball fight! An innocent idea at first, but it quickly leads to something else... Fluffy (pre-ep7) NiceArt because the new episodes are making me very emotional. Based on an ImagineYourOTP prompt. Rated T for safety.

Snowball Wars

I just felt like I had to write something happy for this ship in light of all the angst and suffering surrounding them in the latest episodes... So have some NiceArt fluff! Set sometime far before episode 7 of season 1.

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><p>Snowball Wars

"Are you sure you want to do this, Nice?" Art asked, hidden from the brunet's view but speaking clearly enough that Nice could make out every word without trying. He swallowed down his nerves.

"Bring it on, _inspector_," he taunted in return. All signs of hesitation had left his face; he crouched behind the bench he was using as a shield, legs ready to propel him out of there at an instant's notice.

"Just remember that you asked for this." After finishing his sentence, Art fell silent - and the resultant quiet was too artificial for Nice's taste. The hair on the back of his neck stood up as he curled his fingers around his weapon, taking a moment to brace himself before he stood up and scanned the surrounding area for Art. His heart beat faster with every instant that was lost; he knew that he was most likely in Art's view, and unlike the inspector, Nice didn't have the benefit of having hair of a similar color to the surrounding snow. That was when he spotted something moving from the corner of his eye. A grin crossed his face as his arm made a wide

circle...

"Ah!" came Art's surprised gasp when Nice's snowball hit him square in the back of the head. Nice laughed. The moment didn't last long, however - Art had apparently been expecting exactly this, and, without allowing Nice the chance to retreat to safety, he flung his own snowball. Its impact nearly sent Nice falling onto his backside.

"Hey!" protested the brunet, pouting as he scrambled back to the safety of the spot behind the park bench.

"I warned you~" Art was half-laughing at this point. Nice smiled to himself. He loved it when he was able to convince his best friend to take some time off work and relax with him, but their current snowball fight was on a whole new level. For once, Art wasn't acting like a middle-aged adult, but more like the teenage kid he had never really allowed himself to be. That didn't mean that Nice was about to let him get away with an easy victory, though. He scooped some fresh snow into his hand, patted it into the approximate shape of a sphere, and hurled it in the direction of where Art had been. The little sound of snow hitting the ground informed him he had missed, but judging by the delay in Art's response, it probably hasn't been by much. Nice quickly formed another snowball and threw it in the same direction as the first one.

"Come on Art, are you even trying?" he called out when nothing flew his way in response to his tosses.

"Are you?" teased Art as he proceeded to lob a snowball right into Nice's face. The brunet gasped for air in between giggles.

"You bet I am!" Another flying ball of snow accompanied Nice's determined declaration.

Some ten minutes later, Nice began to feel like something was off. He had since migrated to a spot just beside the bench, where he now hid behind a pile of snow he had built up himself. For what he guessed to be about thirty seconds, no snowball - or even sound - had come from the spot where Art was hiding. Nice stood up, speaking in the general direction of where his best friend was supposed to be.

"Art? Are you still there?" Caution warned him not to, but he stepped over his snow-pile anyway. "Hey, Art?" he tried again, still not getting a response. Suddenly, out of the blue, Nice heard running footsteps coming his way rapidly. He whipped his head around just in time to see Art launching a particularly sneaky snowball attack and ducked.

"You missed-" Nice started, but before he could finish his sentence, Art narrowed his eyes playfully and tackled him to the ground. The pair of them landed in what had once been Nice's snow-pile. A brief pause ensued, during which they looked each other in the eyes and then burst into laughter. It felt like whole minutes passed before their laughter died back down. Supporting himself on one arm, Art reached up and tucked a stray lock of pale lavender hair behind his ear.

"... I admit that that last one was rather unfair," Art said, smiling. Nice wasn't quite sure whether he meant it or whether he was

simply trying to break the silence, but decided to feign hurt anyway.

"Yeah, it was. D'you know how betrayed I felt?" The amount of bad acting Nice was purposely fueling into his words made Art's smile widen.

"I can only imagine," replied the inspector, voice lighter than usual as he continued to smile down at Nice. In the same way that his friend just had, the sudden realization hit Nice that Art's lips looked particularly soft in this lighting. The question of how it would feel to kiss them popped into his mind uninvited. He shook his head to clear the thoughts, but just as he was able to focus again, an annoying voice in the back of his head decided that that was the right time to remind Nice that Art was literally lying right on top of him_ and didn't look like he was about to change that. Nice swallowed hard.

"Is something wrong, Nice?" asked Art, snapping him out of his reverie. His head was tilted ever so slightly to the side in an inquisitive manner, which caused some hair to fall into his face, and Nice couldn't get rid of the thought that his best friend looked like some kind of divine being in that moment. He shook his head. "... Are you sure?" Damn it, he thought to himself. Art always seemed to know when something wasn't right with his friend. Nice opened his mouth fully intending to say something useful, he really did, but the distracting sight of Art's pretty hair and face and eyes and lips, dammit, took the words right out of his mouth.

"I'm sure." As he spoke, Nice reached up and brushed the stray strands of hair behind Art's ear in the way that his friend had done earlier. He moved carefully, only letting his fingers touch Art's skin very gently. Violet eyes widened slightly in surprise.

"Nice..." Art's smile went from being one of almost childish enjoyment of the recent snowball fight to a much softer, more affectionate one. I like it when you do that, he wanted to say, but didn't - that would sound a little odd, after all.

"Hmm," hummed the brunet, threading his hand into Art's soft hair slowly. Art blushed a little as Nice's grip tightened. Just as he was about to ask what Nice was trying to accomplish, his friend answered the question for him; with a slight push, Nice brought their faces close together and hesitated as their lips were about to touch.

"Can I...?" He didn't need to actually finish the question.

"Yes," breathed Art quietly. Not wasting another second, Nice proceeded to initiate the kiss. At first, both of them held back, testing what sort of response they would get from the other for each little thing. They broke apart a fraction to breathe. The kiss which followed up from there was quite unlike the first. Their initial doubt melted away as Nice used the hand already tangled in Art's hair to play with the lavender locks. Art responded by cupping Nice's cheek with one hand, still supporting himself on the other, and using it to tilt Nice's head slightly to the side.

Both of them were breathless when they ended the kiss. It seemed like they had both forgotten that they even needed air while their lips

had been in contact. The moment their eyes met, both of them started laughing.

"Did we really just do that?" Nice muttered through his laughter.

"I suppose so," confirmed Art, still smiling even as his laughter died down. A single question was now on Nice's mind, but he didn't really want to be the one to ask it. Pretty purple eyes looked at him inquisitively. "You look like you want to say something." _Damn it, Art..._

"Fine, I'll say it." Anyone listening in would have thought Art had been trying to get him to say this thing for ages, by the way Nice sighed dramatically. "Does that mean we're, you know, more than friends now or what?"

"... Yes, I think it does. Or at least, I'd like it to, if that's alright with you." Even Art was surprised at his own boldness.

"Good," deadpanned Nice, grinning as he pulled his new lover down for another kiss.

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><p>Hope you liked it~ Feel free to leave a review, I love reviews c: (not flames though...)

End
file.